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THE OLD YEAR.

BY PROF. B. F. LEGGETT.

"The King is dead!"

"Long live the King!"

The year's last sunset burning low
Has faded from the sky,
And all the hill-tops with snow
Have blushed to see it die.Where first he stood in kingly might
To take his shining crown,
The Year will pause awhile to-night
To lay his sceptre down.And in the lonely midnight hall,
His royal splendors fled,
Old winter's white-frilled robe will fall
To hide his crownless head.The stars will lend their fitful gleam
To gild the midnight snows,
So softly folded o'er his dream
In sleep's sublime rescue.So passes all his glorious prime
As endless years have done,
Since first the morning hills of time
Grew golden in the sun.And while we fondly linger near,
The final dream unsought,
We hold the Old Year's memory dear,
For all the good he wrought.So kindly was his gentle sway,
So glad his golden reign,
We linger by his closing day
And wish him crowned again.Lo! how through all the waiting land,
Beneath his lifted crown,
His train went forth in beauty grand
To scatter largess down!Or rich and poor alike have laid
The bounty he has won,
White once again the world has made
The circuit of the sun.He called the earth from slumber deep,
He broke her frozen dream,
And warmed the sluggish pulse of sleep
With springtime's sunny gleam!Till all the tides of life grew strong
Through nature's hidden ways,
Till wind and wave and bird and song
Were glad with summer's praise.From songful rain and golden sheen,
When winter storms were furled,
He wrought the meadow's woven green,
The harvests of the world.The luscious fruits of autumn-time
Were scattered in his train,
And where he passed in every clime
Were garners heaped with grain.If ever o'er his peaceful path
The baleful fires have spread
Of lurid passion's kindled wrath,
Of battle's stormy tread;If in some vine-wreathed land afar
Where summer laughed and leaped,
Beneath the deadly plague's red star
The silent Reaper gleamed;If 'neath the sunshine's gracious smile
Within the Old Year's reign,
Want's ghastly presence stood awhile
And cast its spell of pain;His breath across the azure bay —
The shoreless sea of blue —
Far swept the murky cloud away,
And let the sunbeams through.And over wave and over wood
He poured the mellow shine,
That stayed the Reaper where he stood
Amid the hills of vine.From stores of plenty's golden grain
His bounty ripened well,
He stilled the cry of hunger's pain
Where blight and famine fell.And every land beneath the sun
Has felt his genial sway,
His gracious ministries have run
World-wide their shining way.And when the starry line drew near
No sandaled foot had trod,
He brought the kindly Christmas cheer,
The gracious gift of God.When peace on earth, good-will below
On wings of song arose,
He paused above the hills of snow
Waiting for its close; —Awhile beneath the patient blaze
Of starry midnight's spell,
He turned below his longing gaze
On lands he loved so well.And when the solemn chimes were told
Above his royal head,
Low drooped his sceptre's frosty gold —
The crownless King was dead!Alas! alas! the gray Old Year!
This wreath of song we bring
To lay upon his white-rob'd bier;
Then cry — "Long live the King!"

ONLY A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

Most of us have commenced the
year 1886 with new purposes, new
resolutions, or, at least, new thoughts,
with reference to the twelve months
lying just before us. Meetings have
been held, consecrations made, vowsregistered. How many vows will be
kept? How many consecrations pre-
served inviolate? It is safe to say
that those who do not begin to keep
their New Year's resolutions with
the first hours of the New Year, will
never find that more convenient sea-
son for which they are waiting.Among our New Year's gifts was a
Shakespearian Calendar, on to-day's
leaf of which is printed: "Eight
days past; three hundred and fifty-
seven days to come." It is a novel
way of looking at the new year, and
yet it is a helpful one. There are
only so many days left, and each of
those days is already pre-empted to
its own share of duty and responsi-
bility, and has no vacant corner in
which to squeeze the neglected ones
of the first eight. What is not done
in its time and place, will go undone
to all eternity. You mean to be
more entirely consecrated to the ser-
vice of God this year than ever be-
fore; are you so to-day? To give
more of time, money and personal
service; have you given them yet?
To make more of your opportunities;
have you made the most of those of
this one week?There is a tendency to feel at the
beginning of the year that there is
inimitable time before us, and be-
cause there is, to put off beginning
what we fully intend to do, till we
wake up suddenly to find the golden
days slipping away, and to realize
that there are only a few of them —
so few, that we can never do the im-
possible thing at all. Might it not be
well for us all to say to ourselves
each morning, "There are only so
many days left of this year?"But the sweetest New Year's
thought is, after all, that which was
the key-note of a consecration meet-
ing held in Brooklyn the first Sunday
of the year: "I dwell with the
King for His work."If the King's house be indeed our
dwelling, not a place of occasional
visitation, we have little need for
resolutions, consecrations and vows.For there are two sides of that ideal
of life, and the two taken together
make up that most perfect of all nat-
ural forms, a sphere.A great preacher recently said that
the *logos*, the word and thought of
God toward a fallen race, is simply
Emmanuel — God with us. Christ,
God in man as redemption; the Holy
Spirit, God in man for sanctification;
God in providence for us, God in
battle with us. It is well to know
that we dwell with the King, but
better still to remember that the King
dwells with us. For the latter prop-
osition is the foundation and efficient
cause of the former. God always
takes the initiative; "we love Him
because He first loved us;" we dwell
with the King because of His own
sovereign good-will; He is Emmanuel,
God with us.Do you ask further: How shall we
dwell with the King through all the
untried hours of 1886? The answer
is in the words of St. Paul: "That
Christ may dwell in your hearts by
faith," which is another way of say-
ing, we live in Christ when we believe
that He lives in us. Simple, is it not?Simple as the A. B. C. of the
new year; and like those mysterious
little characters, capable of all the
permutations possible to the sorrows,
the experiences, the exigencies, of its
three hundred and sixty-five days.Suffer, then, the word of exhorta-
tion, O Beloved! Cease from strug-
gle after states and emotions, conse-
crations and self-immolations, and
for this one year, at least, see how
sweet it is simply to believe in Em-
manuel. So shall you through all
its days and hours "dwell with the
King," and dwell there "for His
work." Not your work, but His;
and His work is always a variation
on the little word "Come;" "Come
thou with us, and we will do the
good;" "Come see a man;" "Come,
for He calleth thee;" "Come, all ye
that are weary and heavy-laden;"
"Come, for all things are now
ready;" Come to Jesus.Sweet, easy word to say, and ca-
pable of infinite expansion in the say-
ing. Whether said in the pulpit or
on paper, or acted in the homely de-
tails of daily life, it is still the saying
of this "Come" which constitutes the
"work" for which we dwell with the
King.Be up and doing, then, in these
early hours of 1886. There are onlydays left in which to say that
beautiful word "Come;" but there
is all eternity in which to realize the
glorious truth of Emmanuel.THE PEOPLE MUST HELP THEM-
SELVES.

BY REV. W. L. GILL.

When we set about to devise and
project in the line of a Christian
sociology, hope is stilled and zeal is
often frozen by the reflection that
the very thing and the only thing that
can help the people, is also the very
thing which cannot help them — be-
cause it will not have a chance, at
least for a good while to come. That
is, the action of the people themselves
in accordance with sociological laws.
They are like the un-
reformed man who allowed he had an
excellent wife who was able to keep
him straight if he would follow her
advice. If the people would learn to
obey their better nature, they would
gradually become masters of the situ-
ation. That is the only condition;
but that condition is absolutely imper-
ative. Here is the only difficulty, and
this difficulty is great by their lack of
self-control, which makes the masses
the slaves and dupes of the stronger
and more cunning, and leads them to
waste instead of utilizing their re-
sources, and to allow others to use
them for their worst of ends, which is
especially exemplified in liquor-deal-
ers and their victims. There is no
will espouse the cause of the people
and work for them with great
effect, as they always have done, and
with increasing numbers and power
and steadiness in later times. But
even these can be of service only
so far as the people rise in intellectual
power and moral worth, and thence
use well and wisely the forces of
nature and society.I urge the absolute necessity on
the part of the people of self-reliance
and of mastering the situation for
themselves, we have no disposition to
discourage any one, or to insinuate
that there will not be good and able
men among the rich and fortunate
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nature and society.cure and improve of the products of
human industry. They must practi-
cally learn the moral secret of debar-
ring the rich from appropriating an
undue proportion of the profits of
their common labor and its former
products now used as capital. When
they have done this, the rich and poor
meet together under the conviction
that the Lord is the Maker of them
all.This is not to be so construed as to
deny or disparage the right or the
advantage of industrial guilds, asso-
ciations and unions, and political com-
bination and action as citizens. We
have no sympathy with those who
would divest the people of the power
and privileges which normally belong
to them as social beings with inter-
ests in common and as members of
the body politic. The proper and
energetic use of all these forces is a
part of the self-help to which the peo-
ple are called. These forces are use-
less or dangerous and deleterious ex-
cept so far as we rightly understand
how to wield them for the attainment
of the real and proper issues at stake.
All forms of force must and will be
used by all parties, and those who
use them most wisely will reap the
greatest advantage.I urge the absolute necessity on
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Miscellaneous.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.
A Sermon.

BY REV. FREDERICK WOODS.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." — MATT. 2: 10.

Among the striking incidents attending the birth of the Saviour, was the visit to Bethlehem of a company of wise men from a land still further east than Palestine. They came seeking the infant King, having been moved to make the pilgrimage by the appearance of a remarkable star in the heavens, which they interpreted to be the sign of his advent.

Of the nature of this star, and how these men came to connect its appearance with the birth of the Saviour, we are not informed. Nothing is told but the fact that there was such a star, and that the Eastern sages so connected its existence with the advent of Christ, that they came to Judea to find and worship Him. Attempts may be made on a naturalistic basis, and with some success, to dissipate the mist which hangs around this event. There is the fact that the Jewish Scriptures had found their way into foreign countries, and had made many converts to a religion which was constantly looking for a Messiah. There is the fact that about the time of the Saviour's birth, there was a very remarkable conjunction of three of the principal planets of the solar system. There is the fact that, throughout the Eastern world, there was a strange expectancy of the rise of a personage who was to have a marked influence on the destinies of the world. There is also the fact that these Magi were students of the stars, since astronomy was an early science; and in those times astrology was connected with astronomy, and the stars were supposed to be indicators of the birth and death of princes. All these things taken together are very suggestive; but yet they do not clear away all the mystery which invests this pilgrimage of the Magi from Persia to Palestine. But is that any detraction from its interest? The devout mind finds nutriment in mystery. It does not want the draper torn away from the holy places which God has honored with His presence. Let the great historical shrines of religion be kept inviolate from vulgar feet and curious eyes. As long as reverence exists as a faculty of the soul, so long will it bow in lowlier adoration and sweeter satisfaction before the things it does not perfectly comprehend. The darkened light which rests upon this picture only adds the charm of mystery to its natural beauty.

Arrived in Judea, the wise men naturally made their way to Jerusalem, making inquiries for the royal Child. The Jewish scholars informed them that the books named Bethlehem as the birthplace of their expected Messiah, and to Bethlehem they turned their faces. And now the star they had seen in their eastern sky burst again upon their sight, and when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

The joy of Christmas, then, is our theme.

The Magi did not have the same reason to rejoice as we, because their knowledge was more limited than ours, but they knew enough of what was promised to the world by that star, to be filled with an exceeding great joy. They saw in its blessed light that the Old was going out and the New was coming in. The world they lived in was in a wretched condition. God seemed to have delayed sending a deliverer, that it might be fully proved that humanity could not save itself. Brute force, in the military ascendancy of the Roman Empire, dominated society. There was no middle class. Society was composed of masters, serfs, and slaves. Paganism had lost faith in its gods, and Judaism had become a heartless form. There was no human brotherhood. Licentiousness was the rule of life. Human blood flowed from a hundred hearts at a time in public entertainments. For a trifling offence a wealthy Roman would cut a slave in pieces to feed the fishes in his pond. The brute in human nature was rampant, and a great cry was going up from the hearts of mankind for relief from their distress.

At such a time, under ordinary circumstances, the birth of a prince would not be a matter of congratulation to those who were looking for a change in the affairs of the world. A royal birth would be only another addition to the masters under whose iron sceptre the world was groaning. But the Magi knew that was not the birth-star of another oriental despot. They knew a new day was breaking. The prophecies were being fulfilled. The great prophetic yearning of humanity was heard in heaven, and the Deliverer was born.

Their exceeding great joy was not for the narrow reason that they as individuals were to participate in a salvation; nor for the broader but still national one, that the Jews had at last found their Messiah. Not Hebrews, but Persians, they could have no Jewish prejudice. Not of low mental and moral grade, but scholars with gifts in their hands, they could hardly be suspected of personal selfishness. Their sympathies were not confined to Persia or Palestine, but were as wide as the world. They were men who had been watching the signs of the times, not to take advantage of the fluctuations of the market, nor to note the opportunities of politics, but to discover the hand of God in the redemption of the soul. Their eyes were not upon the earth, but upon the heavens; and now finding themselves standing in the opening gates of a new morning for mankind, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

It was not an ordinary joy, but an "exceeding great" one. Joy has its gradations according to the capacities and nature of the being who feels it.

The butterfly has its joy. The swine have their joys. The angels have their joys. There are emotions accounted joys by men, springing from the purely sensual nature, which are shared by the animal in its sty. There are other joys springing from personal gain, which, while not so base as the pleasures of the swine, are nevertheless selfish and low. The "exceeding great joy" is that which springs from realizing oneself hopes and fears; not when a man's ship has made a prosperous voyage, but when humanity has made some grand march toward heaven; when some great moral interest has triumphed; when God has gained some great victory. They are the noblest and happiest men in high or low life, who, living in sympathy with their fellow-men, waiting for God more than they who watch for the morning, are capable of realizing the exceeding great joy when the star of victory shows itself. How unspeakable must have been the joy which stirred the heart of Washington, when at last he saw his country independent; of Luther when the star of Protestantism arose above the darkness of Popery; of Wesley when the light of the great revival illuminated England and America; of Garrison and his companions when emancipation struck off the fetters that had grown rusty with the tears and blood of more than two centuries in a cradle.

But they did not say, "Is this all?" "If God has nothing but this cradle to oppose against the darkened world, it must perish." No; their thoughts did not dwell on the tiny hands, and the ruddy feet, and the weakness which clung to a mother's breast. They knew it was only a babe, but it was the right babe. They knew it took but few years for babes to become men, and as their faith saw light from heaven resting on that cradle and from that centre forcing its way down the centuries, they rejoiced that Christ had as much as a cradle in the world. He had got in. The barriers were passed. He was here. That was enough for them, for they knew He had come to stay. They could unroll their Hebrew parchments and read over the cradle Isaiah's glowing words uttered seven hundred years before, about the child whose name was to be called "Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Only a cradle!" But the rocking of that cradle not only shook the world, but shook hell beneath and in its heart the world which made a place in their hearts for the exceeding great joy.

Herod had as much reason to rejoice as they, but he was of a different spirit, and hence the indications of a new era for mankind, which filled these devout scholars with rejoicing, filled his selfish heart with a malignity which tormented him as much as it terrified the world. There can be no exceeding great joy for the selfish soul, neither at Christmas, nor at any other time. How can a man feel the blessedness of the heavenly festival which commemorates God's greatest gift to the world, if he does not aim to cultivate in himself the open-handed, generous nature of the Father of us all, who gave His well-beloved Son as the pledge of His love? It is impossible that he can know a deep joy, least of all the great joy of Christians, whose heart is narrow and whose hand is shut. A selfish man never had a Christmas. And if he professes to thank God, he must be careful lest he mock Him, as much as Herod did when he said to the wise men, "When ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also."

Human beings are seeking joy in various fields; some in animal pleasures, some in money, some in travel, some in religion; and only imperfectly finding it, for the very reason that they are seeking it. It is of the greatest moment that they be personally happy, which is almost an assurance that they never will be. The happiest people in the world are those who are not thinking about it. And as for the great joys of life, God has so made the universe that true joy is a surprise. It lies in ambush along the pathways of unselfish duty, and bursts upon the heart unexpectedly. The Magi were not out hunting for joy. They were looking for the star, but when they found it, they were seized with an exceeding great joy. If on this Christmas morning your heart beats with a desire to see others happy, to do some good to the world before you die, if your eyes are turned away from the dunghills of the earth to the star which burst upon the world over the cradle of Christ, happy are you! How much the festival means to you! You can rejoice to-day with a joy as pure as that of the angels who first sang over the fields of Bethlehem, and who have never ceased their Christmas carol since that happy day.

The Magi rejoiced because Christ was in the world at last. This is the great truth of Christmas. They had not yet seen Him; had seen nothing but His star, and that star pointed only to a Babe. It was the merest beginning. They had nothing to rest upon but promise and expectation. They found a cradle, but a cradle has little force and no history. What grand faith that must have been, which could build upon that cradle everlasting hope for themselves and the world! What a lesson it reads to any whose blurred vision does not find cause for rejoicing faith in the extent of Christ's kingdom on this latest Christmas morning of the world. When they rejoiced, Christ's empire was only a cradle; and at the heart in that cradle a sword was pointed. Were they in sympathy with the hand which held the sword? Did they rejoice because the Christ in that cradle was to be a failure, and this last great enterprise of God to redeem the world was to be an abortion? And yet if we were to listen to the dreary prophets, whose star, instead of being the Star of Bethlehem, seems to be the one John saw in the Apocalypse, the name of which was Wormwood, we should have to believe that these wise men were filled with an exceeding great joy over a cradle which

was to be a failure in the world. In order to get some idea of the wonderful faith of these men, in order to hear their shout of joy ringing down through the ages and setting a key-note for us, in order to receive with meekness the rebuke they administer to a spirit of nineteenth century discontent and unbelief, let us imagine ourselves to-day having nothing but an infant in a cradle on which to rest our Christmas hope and joy; no churches, no Christmas anthems, no smiling heaven, no hope of immortal life, the world divided into two classes, masters and slaves, popular entertainments crimsoned with human blood, licentiousness the ordinary life of society, labor looked upon with contempt, suicide the philosophic remedy for wretchedness. In the midst of such a world a cradle and an "infant crying in the night" as the only hope of salvation and a brighter day. But how can you realize such a state of things? How can you transform such a sanctuary as this into the Roman Coliseum, and the King of nineteen centuries into a little child? Could you shut your eyes and forget history, and could I, with a wave of my hand, put you back into the moral and spiritual darkness of the Roman Empire, you would get some idea of the outward appearance of the Magi's Christmas—a world delirious with despair, and no Saviour except a crying child in a cradle.

But they did not say, "Is this all?" "If God has nothing but this cradle to oppose against the darkened world, it must perish." No; their thoughts did not dwell on the tiny hands, and the ruddy feet, and the weakness which clung to a mother's breast. They knew it was only a babe, but it was the right babe. They knew it took but few years for babes to become men, and as their faith saw light from heaven resting on that cradle and from that centre forcing its way down the centuries, they rejoiced that Christ had as much as a cradle in the world. He had got in. The barriers were passed. He was here. That was enough for them, for they knew He had come to stay. They could unroll their Hebrew parchments and read over the cradle Isaiah's glowing words uttered seven hundred years before, about the child whose name was to be called "Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Only a cradle!" But the rocking of that cradle not only shook the world, but shook hell beneath and in its heart the world which made a place in their hearts for the exceeding great joy.

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Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 6, 1886.

The petty troubles of daily life when dwelt upon fret the soul as nettles sting the hands of the reaper. Yet when a deep sorrow, a heavy trouble, overtakes a man, he learns to disregard the little cares which formerly annoyed him. Hence we find Mrs. Hemans saying, "It is part of my philosophy not to let little things prey upon my peace. Indeed, I believe deep sorrows, such as have been my lot through life have not only a tendency to elevate, but in some respects to calm the spirits; at least, they so fill it as to prevent the intrusion of little fretting cares. I have an ample share of these too, but they shall not fret me."

Faith has been succinctly defined as "the look of the heart towards Christ crucified," and gratitude as "the memory of the heart." But no man can have the gratitude without the faith, nor the faith without the gratitude; seeing that one must "Behold the man!" before he can be grateful for His great love; and having beheld Him with loving trust, one cannot help remembering Him forever. Love and gratitude are twin children of faith.

We shall differ — differ about a great many things; and we do so wisely, properly, profitably; but do it honestly, lovingly, kindly. Differences in taste, opinions, and in various matters and subjects have ever been, will ever be. In the divine order variety and differences are seen — nothing duplicated. But "fall not out by the way" in consequence of these differences, but with honest and loving hearts let them lead us more closely to examine ourselves, our purposes, motives, aims, and to bind hearts together more strongly in sympathy and love. On careful examination we may find that others are as near, if not nearer, right than ourselves. Differ, but love the more.

Preach the Gospel — the Bible Gospel! Preach it squarely, plainly, clearly, earnestly, directly, lovingly. This is just what the people need, really what they want in their innocent souls, what many of them are earnestly sighing for. The Reflector has hit it exactly: "The greatest want of this age is a revival of the doctrines of the Bible. The people are starving to death on the recitals of history, poetry, and fiction to which they are being treated from the pulpit." The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Oh, for more of the Gospel!

There is no act of man's life so insignificant as to be outside of the reach of Christian principles, because nothing a man can do is without good or evil influence on his own and others' happiness. Hence we find the great-minded Paul condemning the tattling of idle women who go "from house to house . . . speaking things which they ought not." Such speaking does not make for peace in the family or in the church, because it violates that law of love which is the bond of all real fellowship between human beings. Hence no true Christian will tattle, but will so conduct himself and so regulate his tongue as to be able to make these homespun lines of Wordsworth his own: —

"I am not one who much or oft delight To season my fireside with personal talk Of friends who live within an easy walk, Of neighbors daily walking in my sight."

The vine-dresser prunes the fruitful vine, that it may become increasingly fruitful, since to permit its branches to grow unchecked, would be to let it waste its strength. In like manner the Lord of the human vineyard prunes His "branches" by gentle chastenings which tend to increase and enrich their fruit. But if, perchance, any disciple becomes unfruitful, He then treats him as a vine to be digged about and manured; that is, He metes out such gracious and providential visitations as have a tendency to stir his conscience, quicken his decaying affections, and revive his spiritual life. After this, if that disciple's fruitfulness does not return, He reluctantly passes sentence upon him as a hopelessly fruitless vine, saying, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" An awful sentence this, from which even a partially in-

sensitive conscience must shrink! Is it not fitting, therefore, that at this season of the year when men review their business affairs, the Christian professor should take account of his religious standing? that he should review his spiritual history, and determine what his present relations to Christ are? and that he should repent of his backslidings, recover his lost strength by renewing his trust in God, and by resolving to begin this new year as a loyal, devoted, active servant of Christ and the church? But what thou doest, O unfruitful disciple, do quickly, both because it is right in itself, and also because it may be that it is written of thee in the book of judgment that "this year thou shalt die!"

A GLANCE INTO THE OPENING YEAR.

It is involuntary, as we enter upon the new year, to look forward and to anticipate its possibilities. It is dangerous to attempt a prophecy. History, in these latter days, often makes very rapidly, and no one can tell what a day may bring forth. Our atlas makers have to keep up constant issues of new editions as the boundaries of new States and empires are drawn, and the old ones are changed. Perhaps there has hardly been a year when, looking over the countries, certainly of Europe, there were more significant signs of possible and material changes.

In our country we are too near the last election of national officers to be exposed to much political agitation. The President is certainly making an excellent record, and showing himself to be, not simply the leader of a partisan body, but the intelligent and conscientious ruler of the whole country. On the whole, his appointments have been judiciously made, and his recommendations have been conservative and commanded the respect of the judicious minds of the country. The legislation of the present Congress upon the tariff, and upon the silver coinage, as affecting the financial prosperity of the country, will be watched with much interest and some anxiety; the business community throughout the land being about equally divided in opinion as to the merits of these questions and their influence upon the business of the country.

The great moral questions at stake and awaiting Congressional action are, the Mormon abomination — which is already apparently yielding somewhat to the pressure of established and well-executed law, and is in a fair way to have its polygamous license utterly exterminated by the additional acts already introduced by the abe Senator of Vermont — and the subject of the education of the illiterate classes in the States. It is to be hoped that generous and judicious legislation in this direction may be effected during the present session.

There is no more serious enemy to a republican government than an ignorant ballot. Of course there will be a more vital need of moral instruction, but this is the function of the Christian churches of the land, and they will not be wanting in an apprehension of their duty, or in diligence in its discharge. It is, perhaps, too much to hope, as Congress is now constituted, especially with the large and richly-equipped-with-money lobby, to be sure to besiege both houses of Congress, that any practical or effective legislation in aid of the great temperance reform will be secured. These things all rest in higher hands. The will of the Lord be done! And it will be done! Even so, come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly in Thy spiritual, universal reign of love and peace!

PREACH THE LAW.

The Christian minister who preaches to an amiable but fastidious and spiritually indifferent people, may find a key to the problem of how to awaken them to feeling, in the words of our Lord to Simon, the stately Pharisee, at whose hospitable table He was an invited guest. Simon may stand, in truth, as a type of cold-hearted men generally, and the woman who wept sweet tears of penitential love may be taken as a type of minds profoundly impressed by spiritual truth. Simon could understand neither Jesus nor the woman. Our Lord comprehended both, and He explained the freezing conceit of the Pharisee and the weeping tenderness of the woman by saying of the latter that, having had many sins forgiven, she loved much, and adding that "to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little."

By the parable of the two debtors, one of whom owed fifty and the other one hundred pence, our Lord certainly did not mean to teach that Simon was in proportion less a sinner than the weeping woman. It is quite possible that Simon's haughty, pharisee pride weighed as heavily in the scale of divine judgment as the heathen life of the woman. But the parable gives the estimate which the two placed upon their own sins. Doubtless the Pharisee admitted that, though a Jew, he was yet a sinner, but not such a sinner as that weeping, worshipping gentle woman, who, having seen herself in the light of Christ's teaching, was so conscience-stricken that she saw little else but sin in herself and forgiving love in Him whose feet she washed

of violence are not yet common, but long-continued loss of work and wages will make men desperate and certainly lead to violence. We see that, a week since, a leading socialist addressed the Congregational ministers' meeting in Chicago, and affirmed, in their presence, that there were, united in one form or another, 500,000 socialists in the country, who believed in breaking down capitalists and confiscating property — lawless and reckless men. Perhaps these are not so much to be feared, because they would be at once treated with the effectual remedy of the cannon-ball or the scaffold if they appeared in ranks to effect their fiendish purposes; but the immense armies, with battalions in all our manufacturing towns and cities, of working-men, thousands already on strikes, and thousands of others dissatisfied, irritated and threatening the interruption of business — these afford at this moment the chief occasion, in the commercial world, of serious consideration. Capital is already becoming timid on this account, and manufacturing business uncertain and unsatisfactory. In such a condition, or rather a worse one, in England a century ago, Hannah More wrote and men of wealth circulated her delightful social tales among the laboring classes, treating wisely and well, as these admirable stories did, this matter of the relation of work to wealth. It is an hour when thoughtful and Christian men must study carefully this question, and unite in such broad, generous and practical measures as will at least draw out from these combinations of laborers all the well-disposed and intelligent. This would, probably, go further to extract the element of peril out of these labor societies than any course that could be pursued.

If we glance across the water, the scene is far less peaceful and promising. England is still in the midst of her most exacting problems — the pacification of Ireland, the disestablishment of the State Church, and the disquiet of workmen. In Egypt she is again gathering an army to repel a new invasion of that country from the Soudan. Happily her war in Burmah was of short duration, and her protectorate will afford a better field for Christian missions in that land hereafter. France is passing through an anxious period in the election of a new president, which proves to be the old. Her Tonquin war is a perpetual drain upon her resources, and she retires without honor from her invasion of Madagascar. Spain has a child for a queen, and an Austrian mother for a regent, with several pretenders to the throne, and her protectorate will afford a better field for Christian missions in that land hereafter. 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itself specially to theological topics, but will be a broad, literary, philosophical, political, scientific and religious magazine of a high order. The proprietors have secured a remarkable list of leading writers in all these departments, for the successive issues. The first number makes a fine appearance. It is published on a broad octavo page with good margin and clear type. There are one hundred and fifty-two pages. This number opens with a paper by Charles Dudley Warner upon "Society in the New South." The other contributions are: "What an American Physician Should Be," by Dr. McCosh; "The Christian Concept of Property," by Dr. C. H. Parkhurst; "Lunar Problems now under Debate," by Prof. C. Young; "The Political Solution," "A Free Press in the Middle Colonies," by Prof. John Bach McMaster; "Monsieur Motte," with eighteen pages of fresh and valuable short editorials, criticisms, notes and reviews. The new periodical starts off well, and gives ample *raison d'être*. We heartily bid it Godspeed, \$3 a year. 714 Broadway, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for January has a fine full-length portrait of Sir Henry Thompson, from a painting of Milais. Its contributions are: A story by Wilkie Collins, entitled, "The Poetry Did It"; Rev. Alfred Amgir contributes an illustrated article upon "Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire"; "Witnessed by Two," by Mrs. Molesworth; the first part of an interesting illustrated paper upon "A Month in Sicily"; by H. D. Trail; the continued story of "Aunt Rachel"; "An Hundred Years Ago," illustrated, by Rev. W. Benham, B. D.; and "Gretna Green Revisited," by J. M. Barni. New York city, \$1.75.

An intelligent friend found himself devoting too much of his time to periodical literature. He must draw the line somewhere, and so he drew it at *Littell's Living Age*, and limits his literary periodical reading to the weekly issues of this excellent magazine, and finds himself up with the last and best utterances of the foreign quarters. This substantial periodical has now reached its 167th quarterly volume, and was never more deservedly appreciated by its many patrons. Its new year commences with a fine list of fresh topics, and gives ample promise of a rich series of issues during the year. Now is the hour for new subscriptions. 31 Bedford St., Boston.

Attention!

The readers of the HERALD have from time to time noticed appeals in behalf of the Woman's Home Missionary Society; and in the issue of Dec. 9, is an urgent appeal from Bishop Mallalieu, in behalf of our suffering preachers and families in the South and Southwest. Here is a case where failure to respond to calls for help proceeds neither from inability, nor yet especially from stinginess, but is rather due to thoughtlessness, or to indisposition to exertion.

The W. H. S. appeals for cast-off clothing, bedding, table utensils, dried fruit, *anything that is useful in any home*, to be gathered from closets, chests and garrets, where very much that is of little or no use to us, but would be most gladly welcomed by the suffering families of our preachers doing heroic work in the South and on the frontier.

The writer has had the pleasure of hearing these appeals twice in the year 1885; and in each case has found ready hearts to respond. From a barrel sent to Arkansas last winter help was afforded to one minister, who until then had had no overcoat since joining the Conference, and to another who had expected to be unable, for lack of a coat, to attend the approaching session of his Conference, and was most grateful for the glad disappointment. Bishop Mallalieu, in the appeal above mentioned, instances a preacher of more than usual ability who has no overcoat, while his wife and children are destitute of shoes.

Brethren of the several New England Conferences! If these cases were in our own or adjoining charges, we should not be guiltless if we paid no heed. Shall we pass by on the other side, while our self-sacrificing home missionaries and their families suffer for what a little exertion on our part will secure? Will we not very soon (for the cold weather is here) mention the matter from the pulpit; request the people to bring their bundles to our parsonages, or to some convenient and designated place; ourselves give as we can; and then forward the gifts in barrels or boxes to a suitable destination in the West or South, or to J. P. Magee, who will care for them? There is not a charge in the six New England Conferences from which gifts might not thus be sent; the givers being none the poorer, and the recipients being much benefited.

The matter rests with the preachers. If they will attend to it, the work will be done. My conviction of the need is such that I, for one, cannot refuse to heed the request and yet remain guiltless.

Goods can be forwarded, prepaid, to James P. Magee, 38 Brynden St., Boston, who will further forward them to a suitable destination; or to Mrs. J. L. Whetstone, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio (general superintendent Department of Supplies, W. H. M. S.); giving general description of the contents of the box or barrel to be sent, will bring direction to what address to forward.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MAINE.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

The evangelical churches of Portland have arranged for an all-day union service on Thursday, Jan. 28—the Day of Prayer for Colleges. Every college and seminary in the State of the Protestant faith will be personally represented at the services. The morning session will be devoted to prayer, the presentation of the religious condition of the various institutions within the State, and to reading letters from leading New England colleges. The afternoon session will be devoted to prayer and a free interchange of opinions upon the needs and possibilities of the hour. The evening session will be devoted to addresses by some of the leading educators of the State. It is hoped that the movement will result in placing the colleges more fully upon the minds and hearts of Christians, in drawing the teachers and young people into closer sympathy with the churches, and above all in bringing a divine blessing upon all for whose benefit the day and services are appointed.

Gorham, N. St., has been enjoying a season of revival interest. Bro. Marshall baptized sixteen on Sunday, Dec. 29. Others are to be baptized, and quite a number will join the church. During the nearly three years of Bro. M.'s pastorate, the charge has constantly put on strength, and is looking out hopefully for the future.

South Stanish and Buxton are moving forward, and Bro. Freeman is encouraged by the return of wanderers and increasing interest among the members.

Baldwin and Hiram.—At the quarter meeting the pastor's report showed a good condition of things numerically, financially, and spiritually. The whole of the money necessary to build a chapel at Hiram has been pledged, and the people are ready to go to work. Bro. Barber has greatly improved the parsonage lot by surrounding it with a neat new fence. He has also succeeded in building a row of sheds to shelter the horses of the people who come from a distance to worship.

Bowery Beach.—Bro. Turner has baptized two and received four into full membership. Last Sabbath, Dec. 27, one rose and requested the prayers of the church.

Ferry Village.—Last Sabbath, Dec. 27, one requested prayers.

City Point, South Boston.—Rev. Charles Tilton publishes a very neat monthly paper called the *City Point Beacon*. The first number contains an interesting history of the church, and many items of local church news.

Auburndale.—Principal Bragdon was surprised, at the close of the pupils' concert last week, by being addressed by Mr. Hills, musical director at Lasell, who, in words of grateful regard, presented an elegant gold watch—the gift of the pupils and teachers to their beloved leader. The next term opens Jan. 6.

Cambridge, Trinity.—A pleasant feature of the children's Christmas service was the offering of all who came, of apples, potatoes, oranges, onions, grapes, doughnuts, and loaves of cake, as their tickets of admission to the Christmas tree festival. The boxes and barrels thus filled by the children were emptied again by a committee, who distributed the gifts to needy families, and the children had the benefit of that charity which is twice blessed.

Saxtons.—Rev. W. H. Daniels has been conducting union Gospel meetings in the Methodist Church for two weeks. Over fifty presented themselves at the altar last Sunday evening. The meeting continued three hours, and then it was difficult to dismiss the people. Revs. Stevens and Virgin, pastors of the Congregational and Methodist Churches, heartily support the evangelist, and great good is being done.

Springfield, State St.—Christmas Sunday, Rev. Dr. Rogers spoke first to the children on their first and greatest Christmas present, our Lord Jesus Christ, and then spoke to the parents on "the mystery and glory of the incarnation." Rev. Dr. Townsend, of Boston University, preached in the First Congregational Church, on, "What Think Ye of Christ?"

Trinity Church had a Sunday-school Christmas concert exercise called "The Son of Man." Prof. Wm. North Rice delivered an address.

Grace Church.—Rev. Charles F. Rice, of Lowell, preached in the morning from Isaiah's prophecy, "Unto us a child is born," etc.

Brookfield.—The Christmas tree service was very interesting. A free supper was given in the vestry, at the close of which the pastor, and an old run-down class has been revived.

Bro. Laughton, assisted by Rev. J. P. Cole, has been holding a series of revival meetings at West Phillips. The church is being quickened, and sinners are seeking the Lord.

Two Christmas services were enjoyed on the West Durham charge—one at North Pownal, and one at West Durham. The exercises were first-class and greatly enjoyed by the people. The pastor, Rev. G. G. Powers, and wife, were recently remembered.

The Methodists and Congregational churches at Wintrop commenced a series of revival meetings under the direction of the Bailey Prayer Band one week ago Monday evening, and the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon the community. The Bailey Band is a power for good.

The society at East Readfield showed their appreciation of their pastor, Rev. C. R. Jenness, by many Christmas presents, among which was a generous sum of money.

Gardner.—A refreshing work of grace has been in progress all the autumn. The pastor has been assisted in special services by Bros. Johnson and Gardner. The first Sabbath in December will be long remembered by the pastor. The third year is Bro. Bradlee's best year at Augusta.

The watch-night services at Gardiner were of the old-style type, and full of the power of God. At the close, two sought Christ, one of whom has been an ardent infidel; but the new year opened for him with faith in God, and in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. It was a wonderful triumph of grace. The young converts are the eminent-corner type.

An interesting watch-night service was held at Pine St. Church, Portland, with a large attendance. Dr. Clark is enjoying popularity and seeing a great improvement in the church.

The Christmas and semi-centennial service at Strong was a season of rare interest. Bro. W. F. Farrington, who was pastor at Strong more than fifty years ago, was present, and entertained the people with interesting reminiscences of the far past of Methodism in that vicinity, when his circuit comprised the whole of Maine.

Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D. D., spent last Sabbath, Jan. 3, in the Portland churches, in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

The Congress St. Methodist Church, Portland, was saved from destruction by fire last week by the timely efforts of a man whom Providence had on hand in the time of its peril. It is supposed that the fire was set by some evil-minded person.

VERMONT.

Christmas has come to be so generally observed now, that it would be easier to tell where there were not any exercises than where there were any. At Hartland, Bro. O. W. Barrows and family were kindly remembered, for which they wish to return many thanks; and at Montpelier, Bro. T. P. Frost and family were overwhelmed with the thanks of their people. Bro. Frost received a most beautiful and elaborately wrought silk "crazy quilt," besides many articles of less value.

At Barton Landing, Bro. L. Dodd has received fifty persons on probation and baptized thirty-six during his pastorate, which closed by fixation next spring. Considerable has been done towards paying up the debts on the church property; a Sunday-school has been organized in Evansville, an out-appointment, and Bro. Dodd has reason for devout thanks giving.

Bro. W. R. Puffer has gone to Michigan to visit his son, William, who is pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Grand Rapids.

At West Fairlee Bro. J. Hamilton is pushing his work with energy. At the center of the town, where he supplies a Congregational church, a good work of grace is in progress. Several have manifested a desire to be Christians; and he has put in several extra meetings, with encouraging omens.

Bro. W. S. Smithers baptized four persons at Stockbridge a week ago, with some signs of encouragement at Pittsfield.

Bros. Webb, of Woodstock, Frost, of Montpelier, and Bruce, of Bradford, have been assisting Bro. A. J. Hough at White River Junction in extra meetings. The church seems in fine working condition, and it is hoped that good work may prevail.

At West Berlin Bro. A. G. Austin has been holding extra meetings with some interesting results. Bro. Austin narrowly escaped sudden death at a railroad crossing a few evenings ago. The usual whistle was neglected until just at the crossing, and there being a deep and a curve at that point, Bro. A. did not see the train until they came together at the crossing. As it was too late to get across, his only alternative was to turn his horse in the direction the train was going and roll himself into the snow. He escaped unharmed. The horse started down beside the track, and as soon as the train passed him, he took the track and followed after, passing through a long covered bridge on which there is no planking, keeping almost up to the train for nearly a mile, when he gave up the chase, and was caught without any damage whatever to himself. The body of the sleigh was demolished by the train at the crossing, the first start, showing how narrow and yet how marvelous was the escape.

Bro. Austin scarcely knew for awhile whether he was "in the body or out of the body," as he tumbled into the snow. Surely, the Heavenly Father "gives the angels charge concerning" them. He loves.

A parsonage has been built at Williamsburg, the pastor's report showed a good condition of things numerically, financially, and spiritually. The whole of the money necessary to build a chapel at Hiram has been pledged, and the people are ready to go to work. Bro. Barber has greatly improved the parsonage lot by surrounding it with a neat new fence. He has also succeeded in building a row of sheds to shelter the horses of the people who come from a distance to worship.

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ZION'S HERALD, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1886.

Chebeague.—As reported a short time since, instead of seven, eight were received into full membership. Instead of six baptized, it should have been seven.

On Monday, Dec. 21, about twenty-four preachers met and listened to Bro. C. Minge's lecture on "Infidel Myths Respecting the New Testament."

On Monday, Dec. 28, at the Ministers' Meeting at Chestnut St., Dr. Bashford introduced for discussion a Creed he has prepared for the use of children, giving the cardinal truths of the Bible in brief form, and a slogan.

Bro. W. J. Johnson of Springfield, gave a lecture on temperance at the town hall in Grafton a few evenings ago. H. A. S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleannings.—At the suggestion of Dr. Warren, of Boston University, Rev. W. L. Gill is writing a series of "pastoral prayers," which, it is thought, is something much needed; and which, if issued, will be used by many in their private devotions in giving expression to their various hopes, fears, joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs. He has written a work on metaphysics, that will appear in the spring.

On Monday, Dec. 21, about twenty-four preachers met and listened to Bro. C. Minge's lecture on "Infidel Myths Respecting the New Testament."

On Monday, Dec. 28, at the Ministers' Meeting at Chestnut St., Dr. Bashford introduced for discussion a Creed he has prepared for the use of children, giving the cardinal truths of the Bible in brief form, and a slogan.

Bro. W. J. Johnson of Springfield, gave a lecture on temperance at the town hall in Grafton a few evenings ago. H. A. S.

The people of North Yarmouth presented their pastor, Rev. George Holt, with a nice hair-cloth sofa, which he desires to express his thanks. One was received into full membership last Sabbath. W. S. J.

Rev. J. R. Masterman, of Solon, is seeing the results of his faithful labors in the conversion of souls. Twenty-one have sought the Lord, fourteen have been received on probation, and an old run-down class has been revived.

Rev. Walter Canham reports a decided advance all along the line on Oakland charge. The finances are in a good condition, a steady increase is reported in the congregations and Sunday-school, and additions have been made to the church.

The revival at Vienna continues with unabated interest. Over eighty have sought and obtained pardon for sins. A delightful service was held Dec. 13, conducted by Rev. J. H. Tompkins. The million-dollar line was passed.

Wilton.—The school term of the Academy has opened well, with about 225 students.

Byfield.—The pastor was surprised by a visit from members of his society, who gave him substantial evidence of the love entertained for him. A presentation poem written by Miss Thomson was recited by a little girl of ten years, Miss Lucy Burrill.

Gardner.—A refreshing work of grace has been in progress all the autumn. The pastor has been assisted in special services by Bros. Johnson and Gardner. The first Sabbath in December will be long remembered by the pastor. The third year is Bro. Bradlee's best year at Augusta.

The Methodist and Congregational churches at Wintrop commenced a series of revival meetings under the direction of the Bailey Prayer Band one week ago Monday evening, and the Lord is pouring out His Spirit upon the community. The Bailey Band is a power for good.

The watch-night services at Gardiner were of the old-style type, and full of the power of God. At the close, two sought Christ, one of whom has been an ardent infidel; but the new year opened for him with faith in God, and in the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. It was a wonderful triumph of grace. The young converts are the eminent-corner type.

An interesting watch-night service was held at Pine St. Church, Portland, with a large attendance. Dr. Clark is enjoying popularity and seeing a great improvement in the church.

The Christmas and semi-centennial service at Strong was a season of rare interest. Bro. W. F. Farrington, who was pastor at Strong more than fifty years ago, was present, and entertained the people with interesting reminiscences of the far past of Methodism in that vicinity, when his circuit comprised the whole of Maine.

Sunday, Dec. 19, was a good day for the people of South Antrim. Services commenced at 9:30 a. m., with an old-fashioned love-feast, led by Rev. J. E. Robins, presiding elder. After the sermon, the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of communicants. Five persons were received into full connection—four by letter, and one from probation. There seems to be a growing interest in church work.

At Greenland the pastor and wife were the recipients of a handsome silver pitcher and salver at the Christmas festival.

The Woodsville chapel is nearly completed. It is described as a "gen." It is hoped that, when dedicated, like the temple of old, it may be filled with the glory of the Lord.

At Baker Memorial, Concord, Christmas was celebrated in a very pleasant manner. The children, the poor, and the minister were kindly remembered. The latter received an elegant French clock with marble frame, and was very pleased.

The religious interest is excellent; the meetings are well attended; and several—mostly men—have lately sought the Lord.

In the "China Town" of Concord, there is one who has proved himself to be a most sober and industrious man. He is a regular attendant at the Baker Memorial Church and Sunday-school.

Rev. O. P. Wright is having a pleasant and prosperous year at Whitefield. Twenty have been received on probation since his arrival, and the number of communicants has increased.

Rev. J. C. Hartzell, D. D., spent last Sabbath, Jan. 3, in the Portland churches, in the interest of the Freedmen's Aid Society.

The Congress St. Methodist Church, Portland, was saved from destruction by fire last week by the timely efforts of a man whom Providence had on hand in the time of its peril.

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The Family.

AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

BY BELLA M. SWAIL.

DEUT. 33: 25.

Down from prophetic ages to the busy whirl of to-day,
Grander than thought of sages, or poet's burning lay,
Come words of infinite love, spoken in infinite power,
A golden message of peace to comfort each weary hour;
Fear not, though thy spirit faints, and the way thou canst not see,
The promise is forever: "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Days that have little of grandeur, or of joy's tidal flow,
Days that are born in shadow, and catch no sunset glow,
When we walk with restless feet such a weary round of care,
That song is hushed into silence, and stilled is the voice of prayer,
We blindly stray in the valley, nor scarce can see the light,
The halo of God's glory encircling the mountain height.

Through days of intense sorrow, when quivering thrills of pain
May deaden the busy action of pulse, and nerve, and brain,
When love's gentle ministrations seem powerless to bless,
What splendor of glowing light through darkness we may see,
Still shining in the promise, "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Through agony-thrills of anguish precluding thought of gain,
In some rare baptism of grief, some pentecost of pain,
When our hearts lie crushed and bleeding from wounds of bitter loss,
When faltering, faint and weak 'neath the burden of the cross,
Our lips can scarcely utter, "Christ, be merciful to me."

How tender then the music: "As thy days thy strength shall be!"

Through the earnest toil and effort of consecrated life,
Strength for strong endeavor in the turmoil and busy strife,
As filled with inspiration for grander and nobler deeds,
We turn from contemplation to the quest for human needs,
With hands that are ready for service, feet that are swift to run

Even in thorny paths, that the Master's will may be done.

In tempest thrones of life, or the peace of its waveless calms,
Through its minor strains of woe, or joy of triumphant psalms,
Like the mighty undertow of the deep, un-resting sea,
This promise giveth fullness to its need of ministrance;

And in the vale of shadows, with the angel melody,
Will blend in sweet fulfillment: "As thy days thy strength shall be."

Sauverville, Que.

NEW YEAR RESOLVES.

BY A. C. SCAMMELL.

"I wish you a Happy New Year!" "Well, how do you propose making it so?"

I started at the question. I expected one of his hearty "Thanks," that meant for me double all I gave.

"I was only asking myself the question," he said, placing in my hand the pretty gift he knew I would prize. "I think holiday wishes much like the wrappings that hold our gifts, worthless as soon as removed. Now, oughtn't they to change places — the *wish*, meaning the earnest purpose to make happy, being inside, and the gift, which is only the *expression* of that purpose, becoming the wrapper?"

"Yes, they really ought," I said. "What care we would take of the wrappers, though! We would want them to show to our friends, you know."

"We can make patient, daily endeavor something to show, perhaps, though it may be years, first," was the quiet answer.

I could not make many presents. The children, of course, were remembered. "It takes so little to make them happy," I said. It will take more than a little of patience and thoughtful sacrifice to keep each of the 365 days as bright as childhood days ought to be, I see. Grandma, far on in her second childhood, came out late to breakfast, looking tired and dispirited. The chorus of the children's "Happy New Year," and the pretty bon-bons carefully hidden under her plate, wonderfully brightened her. She ought to have sweetsmarts all the rest of her life — social ones, I mean; care-taking from us all, in telling her the bits of dainty news, if there are any, and if there are none, serving up the old harmless gossip in a way that pleases, letting her have her own way, and asking every now and then, "What is it best to do, grandma?"

Yesterday I wrote New Year's letters — twelve full pages to one, a news letter and a real love-letter, too. It will reach her by to-morrow, and will seem like the crisp New England air that she writes us misses so much; though, as I wrote about everything, I hope the letter will have the odor of all the seasons, and the flavor of everything she used to love, before her work of self-sacrifice bade her give it up. Such letters ask time and thought. It isn't pleasant to write of deaths and accidents, failures and wrecks of character of these who gave early promise of a full, rich life; yet the friend has a right to know. Only, the laugh and the glad tears must fill most of the pages. It is much easier to *think* letters than to *write* them, but a sealed envelope, with yourself, and as many others as it will hold, inside it, is a wonderful healer and comforter, and helps make the "Happy New Year."

I have a few croakers, real professional fretters, on my list of friends. Not bosom friends, don't think! They

would have worn me out before this, were they as near as that, but what our good pastor calls "Golden Rule friends," that you try to like about as well as you do yourself. What can I do for them this year? Two or three I could make glad by asking them to share my home for a few weeks — not the whole at once, you know, but one at a time, with long interludes between. Our humble home, with its doors wide open all through, like great motherly arms, with the sunshine and air always at home, and the pretty cosiness, we will have, though we cannot have luxury, is a good place to croak in, and we must learn to be good people to croak in. When our general sunniness has driven all the fret out, there will be room for the blessed content to come in.

Poor, rich Mrs. Davis called after dinner. "An end to moralizing for this day," I thought, as for a full hour she poured out her complaints. "Nobody remembered her at Christmas; she hadn't had a real present for years; people thought because she had plenty of money, she didn't need one, perhaps. Brother John's children were always making pretty knickknacks to give away, but they never gave any to her. The other day, Bessie said, 'Aunt Jane, if I could only buy you something nice, I would, but you wouldn't care for the simple things I make.' I would, though; so Marion said, 'Pray, what broken resolution are you?'

"I am sorry I failed, but there were so many dreadful stories in Judges, I began skipping, and I am so busy, I confess I can't do much more than read the Sunday-school lesson and my 'Dally Food.'

One member of the committee had been rising constantly, trying to speak; so Marion said, "Pray, what broken resolution are you?"

"I am 'Going to Class-meeting every Sunday.' I was called six times during the year."

"Well, I am sorry I failed there, for it is a great spiritual help; besides, the girls never go unless I do. But we have breakfast too late on Sunday."

"Perhaps if you had kept me, it might have been easier to have kept those before me," said an untidy looking individual, who gave unmistakable signs of a hasty toilet. "I am the good resolution 'Getting up Early.' I was kept a week, and called in every picnic or horse-back excursion."

Marion groaned. "I meant to keep you, and always go to breakfast looking as I do when we have company. I have abused you, I know, often missed family prayers, and lost many precious hours of study, but I am too sleepy to live in the morning."

"Perhaps if you had kept my sister, 'Going to Bed Early,' you might have kept me," suggested Early Rising.

Several other broken resolutions rose to speak; one was, "Giving a Tenth to the Lord;" another, "Never Use Slang;" and a third, "Taking Care of the Health." "Reading less Fiction" might have been the fourth, for it was armed to the teeth with learned looking books.

"I really thought I had improved," cried poor Marion. "Have I, then, failed in every way, this year?"

"You have kept me most of the time," replied a happy-looking individual. "You asked for a cure for sensitiveness. That generally means a cure for obscure, refined selfishness. You have been overcoming in this, all the year."

"I am very glad," replied Marion humbly. "People are so much more careful of my feelings lately. I have thought the girls are better natured, and Ned less of a tease. I am sure mother is more patient; or can it be, forgetting Marion Hanna leaves no place uncovered for wounds? I am sure I don't want to be so sensitive, especially if, as you say, it is but one form of selfishness. How can I always keep you with me?"

"There is but one way for sensitive people to live happily," replied Unselfishness: "Look to Jesus and forget Marion Hanna."

The clock on the marble mantel struck twelve, and Marion started from her reverie. It did not matter whether it was a sleeping or waking dream. She had her key-note for the coming year. She began it with a season of grateful prayer, and made no new resolves.

"Girls, I've sworn off going out

"It's a perfect shame we can't keep open house," said Belle, making her fair face look more like a peach-blossom than ever, by the pink "cloud" she was tying on.

"You are going to have fun enough at Kitty Farrow's, but think of me, at the W. C. T. U. Rooms," said Nettie mournfully.

"Too bad we have to be separated, but who wants to invite three sisters, 'three roses on a single stem,' it is somebody's duty to get married," replied Marion laughing.

"I despair of ever being Miss Hanna, but don't let me hurt you, old lady. There is one thing I rise to remember; we don't have the larks we did before you formed your 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers.' We used to keep open house, and never worried about expense or trouble," said Belle, with a shade of regret.

"Yes, and mother stayed out in the kitchen all day, overseeing the oysters and coffee, and then had a sick headache three days," answered Nettle.

"Saint Marion is right. There's the bell; the boys have come. Good-by, sis. Don't forget your foolish sisters in your prayers to-night."

Two quick kisses were dropped on the earnest face of the elder sister, and the girls in party array tripped down stairs. Marion sighed, and for a moment regretted her refusal to join in the frolic they would have. She expected a busy day on the morrow, for the teachers of the South Mission were going to receive their pupils in the chapel, as their New Year's celebration. Besides, Marion always sought a quiet hour New Year's eve, to "in-voice," as she called it, and make plans for the improvement of the coming year.

Was her housekeeping week, so there were several duties to be attended to; then Marion drew her low rocker before the glowing grate, and began her annual character house-cleaning.

In a few moments the room seemed filled with strange forms.

"Who are you?" asked Marion in surprise.

"Your resolution committee of last year," replied one, who seemed to be the chairman, or woman, as the case might be. "We heard you were keep-

ing open house to-night, so thought we would make our annual report. I am the resolution called 'Keeping a Diary.'

"I remember," replied Marion hastily. "I thought it would be a good habit to keep a record of my inner life for self-improvement."

"Also, if I remember," continued Diary Resolution, "in case you became a famous woman, there would be material for the life and letters of —"

"You must have misunderstood my motive," interrupted Marion, coloring guiltily. "I did invite you last year, I admit, but I had to give you up, for I haven't time during the day, and am too sleepy at night to write a respectable diary. I don't see how people ever write those beautiful journals and do anything else."

"Why did you come?" she asked, turning to one who held a Bible open at the book of Judges.

"You called me last year. I am the resolution to read the Bible through in a year. I stayed with you then, for I have to work all the time during the day, and am too sleepy at night to write a respectable diary. I don't see how people ever write those beautiful journals and do anything else."

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